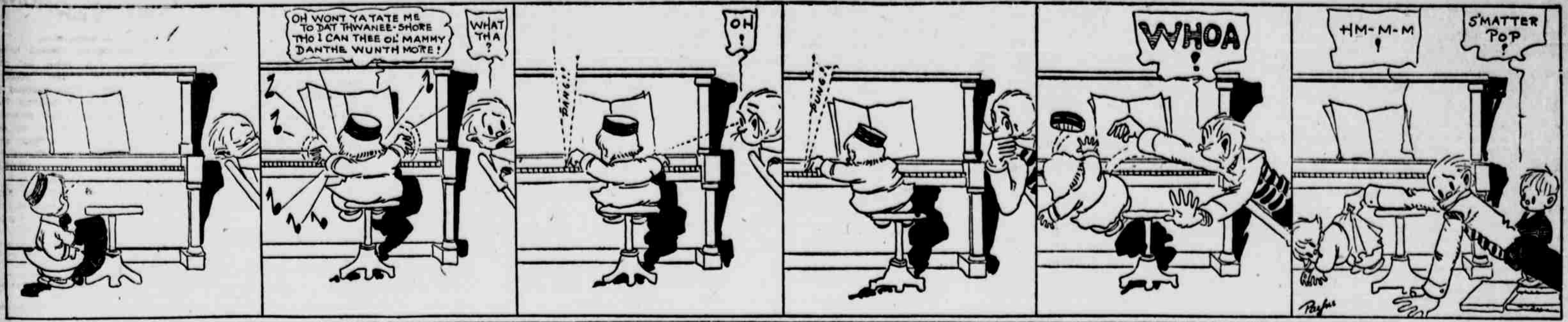


"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

'Rutherford & Son'

True to Life
and Finely Acted

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THE Little Theatre has turned from the gay to the gray phase of life with "Rutherford and Son," a hard-working play by Gil Sowerby, who has devoted the greater part of her young life to writing fairy tales for English readers. Oddly enough Miss Sowerby's first play is quite another story, a drama of such strength that it has made its way across the water.

Slowly but surely the stage is getting down to life. Hear this in mind if, like the painting reviewer, you are rushing madly from theatre to theatre these nights. If, however, you look for only amusement in the theatre, you will see nothing in the play that Winthrop Ames, with his almost defiant managerial intelligence, has had the courage to produce. "Rutherford and Son" is as hard as iron and as remorseless as fate. But it is true to life and finely acted. As

Rutherford, brutal, dominant and blind to everything but the good of the firm that carries his name in letters of lead, Norman McKinnel is the finest actor that England has sent us since Forbes Robertson. This in itself should mean something. But the play means much more. It is a play with mud on its heels, and it gets down to earth with a vengeance that leaves nothing to the imagination of people who are not obliged to work for a living.

Rutherford is a power in himself, and he recognizes no other power. His business is his religion. He represents the smoldering fire of his factory. His family is nothing more to him than a pile of slag. To save the firm name from ruin he seizes upon an invention of his son, an ingenious workman, through his most trusted workman, who has led Rutherford's apparently spiritless daughter out of bondage.

It is this incident that gives the play its most human appeal. The faithful, sullen son, a household drudge who sees the table and then takes off her father's shoes while he draws up his chair and sweeps aside the dishes to make room for his letters, has found her only joy in life in a clandestine affair with her father's right-hand man. The high dramatic point is reached in the second act when Janet faces her father and he gives her only another night under his roof. This scene is splendidly acted by Miss Edith Olivo and Mr. McKinnel. But at other times Miss Olivo does not speak distinctly.

As the workman who is the cause of this trouble, J. Cooke Baresford comes in for third honors. He realizes perfectly the type of man who works out his life in a mill that grinds every trace of individuality out of the poor wage-earner. This may explain why his sense of duty to his employer is greater than his love for his wife. He realizes this when she draws a shawl over her head and leaves the house. The road she takes may lead to the river—or something worse.

To my mind the author goes to extremes in preparing the stage for the last scene. Leaving Janet out of the question, it is not reasonable to suppose that young Rutherford, even though he has killed his father's cash box after he has been robbed of his invention, would leave without a last look at his baby. Only the young wife remains to drive a hard bargain with old Rutherford. She makes him promise that the name of Rutherford and Son will be perpetuated by her boy.

The scandal of the daughter is brought vividly to light by Miss Marie Ault as a garrulous and vindictive old woman. Miss Agnes Thomas gives another touch of reality to the play as Rutherford's grim, practical sister. But first and last it is Mr. McKinnel who gives the play its gripping, relentless power. Big, brutal and hard, saying more in a glance than most actors can say in words, he makes Rutherford a tower of strength. And as a play of character "Rutherford and Son" is by far the strongest of the season.

"The Argyle Case."

AFTER that real detective, William J. Burns, has assured us that "The Argyle Case" is a real detective play, as he did at the opening performance, what more is there to say? In my humble capacity I may add that it is an interesting detective play, chiefly because it illustrates the finger-print process by which criminals without gloves are handled and also for its demonstration of that little household necessity—in New York at least—the disgraph. Innocent as we may be, we can't know too much about the latter invention. For all we know we may be living over a disgraph—and even a volcano couldn't be more disturbing!

While Mr. Burns unobscured himself at the Criterion Theatre, Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins remained out of sight, thus proving themselves to be authors of extraordinary modesty. Let them blush unseen while it is duty set down that they have written the detective play of the hour. With great pains and considerable skill they have brought "The Argyle Case" up to date. In making the detective for all the world like a business man they let the light of truth shine through his office door. At the same time they manage to guess in a story. Old Argyle, like many a rich man before him, has been murdered for the good of the plot. But in hunting for the murderer no other sleuth of melodrama has discovered a den of counterfeiters to make him look like "all the money" in the last act.

As the keen, businesslike detective Robert Hilliard deserves a laudatory review for his excellent performance. If he is glad to get back to New York, he should be glad to have him back, for he is an actor whose diction has not only nothing to fear from the disgraph but is a joy to hear. Others in the cast are somewhat less, notably the youth who bawls at the top of his lungs as the son of the murdered man and the colored cook who is vaudeville without being funny. It is evident that the play has been rehearsed by a man lacking in a sensitive ear and a sense of humor. As a matter of fact, the play is sadly lacking in humor.

Miss Stella Archer is painful as the heroine, and Miss Helen Johnson as the wife of the counterfeiter who shoots himself gives way to her emotions with old-fashioned freedom. It is Mr. Hilliard who makes "The Argyle Case" timely and interesting.



Robert Hilliard as Asche Kayton.

Some Day—(Maybe)**Historic Hymns**

By Frederic Reddall.

Copyright, 1912, by The Free Publishing Co.

(The New York Evening World.)

No. 12—"SUN OF MY SOUL,"

A favorite closing hymn, this

lyric of the Rev. John Keble

runs a close race with "Abide

With Me," and you will hear

one sung about as often as

the other for this purpose, to which

"Sun of My Soul" is admirably adapted

in its last stanza:

"Come near and bless us when we wake,

Ere through the world our way we take,

Till in the ocean of thy love,

We lose ourselves in heaven above."

These lines are from an Evening

Hymn in Keble's great book, "The

Christian Year," written nearly a century

ago, but still highly prized and

widely circulated.

John Keble was the son of Rev.

John Keble, vicar of Cole St. Ald-

wyn's, Gloucestershire, and was born

on his father's estate at that place, 1792.

He was graduated from Corpus Christi

College, Oxford, 1810, taking his M. A.

degree 1813. A brilliant scholar, he took

many prizes during his course, and, in

1815, was appointed Examining Master for

three years. His ordination as deacon

occurred in 1817, and he was made priest

on Trinity Sunday of the year following.

In the quiet of an English vicarage he

wrote "The Christian Year," which im-

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Copyright, 1912, by The Free Publishing Co.

(The New York Evening World.)

OHO!Y! Knows of the Scour of the Alone in all the World in Having

Self-Conquered except their Wear-

er!

No Beneficial idea ever Came from

The Brain of a Brooder!

"Perhaps" is a Promissory Note that

generally Goes to Protest!

The Real Holiday Spirit is NOT

the Kind the Barkeep Dispenses!

There's Never any Closed Season for

Trapping the Bats in the Belfry!

"Every Man his Own Chinese Master"

—that's the Joy of "Being There With

Bells!"

Nothing can Equal in Cowlick Shag-

giness the Pelt of the Man who "De-

mands" that he be "Brooked the Right

Way!"

It's an Easy and Hilarious Coast

Down-Hill from the Normal—but what

a Lone, Laborious Trudge Back!

The Honestly Happy Folk don't Try

to Define WHY!

Explaining is a Method we Employ

with our Enemies. Our Friends don't

Exact It!

The Coveted "Another Chance" is

Never Withheld from the Man who As-

sumes Responsibility for his Previous

Fail-Downs!

Willie Gee

By Oscar Wegelin.

Tis of such as he, that the poet wrote.

And thus he waited serene, content.

Until the storm its fury spent.

They picked him up asleep but alive

And a drink or two did soon revive

This hero of so strange a tale.

Who safely rode the raging gale.

O ye who old ocean have never seen

Except on a summer's day serene;

Think of the woes of the southern isles

Ever at the mercy of Neptune's wiles.

Who fight the gale, the sea, the storm,

Where the sun is HOT (not only

Is Your Child

Doing Well

At School?

By W. D. Parnacher.

Copyright, 1912, by The Free Publishing Co.

(The New York Evening World.)

GEOGRAPHY'S OBSTACLE.

HOUSANDS of boys in the

grammar schools are able to

master arithmetic and gram-

mar with ease, but month

after month are marked de-

ficient in geography. A conscientious

parent, you naturally determine to help

your boy to get rid of this deficiency.

Every evening you sit down with your

lad, while he memorizes the location of

this city and that river. Despite the

fact, he comes back to you the follow-

ing month with geography marked upon

his report card as the subject in which

he is deficient.

"What can I do," you ask.

Instead of making the subject alive

and full of interest, you treat the lad

as an automaton and ask him to re-

member the location of places, with no

reason why they are in their particular

locality. You do not appeal to him as

a reasoning human being.

If you wish him to remember the lo-

cation of New York City, explain to

him why it was built, just where it is,

point out to him the fact it is at the

mouth of the Hudson, that it is accessible

on all sides by water, that it has one

of the finest harbors in the world. Then

The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel

By Charles Alden Seltzer

Copyright, 1912, by The Outing Publishing Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Kurt Hollis, a newspaper man, goes West to

Dry Bottom to take charge of the law. The law is

enforced by the California constable, Hollis

arrives in the town of Hollis, a young man

subject to fits of insanity. Hollis takes the

editor of his father's paper, "Ten Foot," one of

the town's leading citizens, and a woman, who

murdered him. Hollis overcomes "Ten Foot" and

a young man, who lives on a nearby ranch, Hollis

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editor of his father's paper, "Ten Foot," one of

the town's leading citizens, and a woman, who

man "on the trigger" as its chief ad-

vocate. Few men dared to appear be-

fore such a court with an argument

against its jurisdiction.

The law, as the citizens of Dry Bot-

tom had seen it, was an institution

which frowned upon such argument.

Few men dared to risk an adverse de-

cision of the established court to ad-

vocate laws which would come from

civilized authority; they had remained

silent against the day when it would

come in spite of the elements that had

sufficed at it. And now that day had

arrived. The law had come.

Even the evil element knew it. The

atmosphere was vibrant with sup-

pressed excitement; in the stores men

and women were congregated; in the

saloons rose a buzz of continuous con-

versation. On the street men greeted

one another to discuss the phenomenon.

In a dozen conspicuous places were

posted glaring printed notices inform-

ing the reader that a thousand of the

Circle Cross cattle—descriptions of

which followed—were on the following

day to be sold to the highest bidder.

Below this announcement in small

nest print was quoted the law.

Dry Bottom gasped. The saloons

swarmed. In the fashion two bar-

tenders and the proprietor labored be-

toterally to supply their customers

with the liquid stimulant which would

drive them to look upon Ben Allen's

posters with a certain degree of equi-

animity. The reckless element—the gun-

men who in a former day were wont

to swagger forth with reckless disre-

gard for the police conveni—

skulked in the background, sneering at

this thing which had come to rob them

of their power. And they felt

preached their ultimate downfall.

But Dry Bottom ignored the gunmen,

or smiled blandly at them, giving his

attention to Ben Allen's posters and dis-

cussing a rumormongering which would

reference to the effect that the new

governor had telegraphed Allen that he

would hold a detail of United States

soldiers in readiness for any contin-

gency.

The good citizens smiled. And

throughout the day many of them

passed and repassed the Kicker offer-

ing to get a glimpse of the man

who had been instrumental in bringing

about this innovation.

Shortly after noon on the same day

Dunaway rode into Dry Bottom, dis-

mounted, hitched his pony to the rail

in front of the Fashion and entered.

In former days Dunaway's ap-

pearance within the doors of the Fashion

was the signal for boisterous greetings.

For here might always be found the